

# Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 234.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1856.

VOL. IX. No. 26.

## Dwight's Journal of Music, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS: By Mail, \$2 per annum, in advance.  
When left by Carrier, \$2.50

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, No. 21 School St. Boston.  
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. "  
" GEORGE P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row, "  
" A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I. "  
" C. BREUSING, 701 Broadway, New York. "  
" SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 769 Broadway, "  
" GEORGE DUTTON, JR., Rochester, N. Y. "  
" G. ANDRE & CO., 19 South Ninth St. Philadelphia. "  
" JOHN H. MELLOR, Pittsburg, Pa. "  
" MILLER & BEACHAM, 181 Baltimore St. Baltimore. "  
" W. D. ZOGBAUM & CO., Savannah, Ga. "  
" W. F. COLBURN, Cincinnati, O. "  
" HOLBROOK & LONG, Cleveland, O. "

[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

### The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÜRING.

[Concluded from p. 196.]

Of not less interest than the preceding is the account by an English lady of a visit to Beethoven in October, 1825. Then also he was living in the little town of Baden, near Vienna. "I had been told," writes the lady, "that I must be prepared for a rough and forbidding reception. When we arrived, Beethoven had just come home in a shower, and was about to change his coat. From what I had heard of his *brusque* character, I was apprehensive that he might not receive us heartily, as with hasty steps he came out from a side chamber. He accosted us in a very polite, friendly and agreeable manner. He is very short-built and haggard, but attentive enough to his personal appearance. He remarked that Herr H. was very fond of Handel, said that he loved him also, and went on for a long time praising that great composer. I conversed with him by writing, since I found it impossible to make myself heard; and though this was an awkward mode of communication, it did not require much, since Beethoven always talked on freely and without prompting, and neither replied to questions nor seemed to expect long answers. I ventured to express to him my admiration for his compositions, and praised among other things his *Adelaide*. He remarked very modestly, that this poem of MATTHISON was very beautiful. He spoke French well. He would have learned also, he said, to speak English; but his deafness had prevented him from going farther into that language than to learn to read it. He preferred the English writers to the

French. *Ils sont plus vrais*, said he. THOMPSON is his favorite author; but particularly great is his admiration for SHAKSPEARE. When we rose to take our leave, Beethoven begged us to stay longer. *Je veux vous donner un souvenir de moi*, said he. Whereupon he went into a side chamber, and wrote a short canon for the piano-forte, which he handed to me in a very friendly manner. Then he requested me to spell my name to him, so that he might superscribe his impromptu correctly. Then he took me by the arm and led me into the chamber where he had written, so that I might see the whole of his quarters, which were altogether those of an author, but perfectly neat. Although they betrayed no sign of abundance or of wealth, yet they showed no want of useful furniture or nice arrangement. I led him cautiously back into a chamber on the other side, in which stood his Broadwood grand piano; but he seemed to me to grow melancholy at the sight of the instrument. Also he remarked that it was not in a fit condition, for the tuner in the country was extraordinarily bad. He struck a few keys, to convince me of it. In spite of that, I laid the manuscript which he had given me upon the desk, and he played it simply through, after he had preluded with three or four chords. Thereupon he stopped, and I would not for any price have urged him more, since I found that he himself had no pleasure in playing. We then took leave of one another, and Beethoven told me that if he ever came to England, he would certainly visit us."

One of his brother artists, CARL MARIA VON WEBER, describes the reception which he found a few years earlier (1823) with Beethoven, in these words: "We went several times to see him. He was in bad humor, and fled all human society. But finally we succeeded in finding the favorable moment. We were conducted in, and we saw him sitting at his writing desk, from which however he did not rise to welcome us. Beethoven had known me for some years, so that I could enter into a conversation with him. Suddenly he sprang up, stood upright before me, and laying his hands on my shoulders, shook me with a sort of rough heartiness, saying: 'You have always been a clever fellow!' Whereupon he embraced me in an extremely kind and affectionate manner. Of all the marks of distinction which I received in Vienna, of all the fame and praise which I reaped there, nothing has so touched my heart as this brotherly kiss of Beethoven."

With the physical sufferings, which he was never altogether spared, and which came home to him in increased measure in the last years of his life, was coupled the humiliation of seeing all

Vienna intoxicated by the voluptuous melodies of ROSSINI, apparently almost forgetting him and his works. Then a few real friends of Art addressed a memorial to Beethoven, full of the most admiring recognition of his talent, and containing an urgent request that he would soon bring out his last two great works, the Ninth Symphony and the *Missa Solennis*. The concert in which these works were produced took place. But their creator heard them not. Only by turning round was his attention called to the storm of applause from the audience, which seemed as if it never would end. Yet at the repetition the house was empty; it was scarcely to be expected otherwise of a public enthusiastic about Rossini's melodies.

Beethoven had resolved to offer his *Missa Solennis* in manuscript to the European courts for the price of 50 ducats. But only the Emperor of Russia and the kings of France, Prussia and Saxony accepted Beethoven's offer. Besides these, Prince Anton von Radzivil in Vienna, and Herr Schelble, director of the Cæcilia Society in Frankfort on the Main, subscribed. The Prussian ambassador at Vienna had the question privately put to Beethoven, whether perhaps an order would not be more welcome to him than the 50 ducats. But Beethoven declined, without a moment's hesitation, for the latter. The King of France sent him a large golden medal, with his bust on one side, and the inscription: *Donné par le Roi à M. Beethoven*, upon the other. Beethoven also wrote to CHERUBINI upon this occasion, but received no answer. Still his works, especially the later ones, commanded a very respectable price from publishers. For every one of his last sonatas and quartets he got from 40 to 80 ducats; but for many other works much too little. There were not wanting cases in which he was cheated out of his well-earned reward. Thus, among others a Russian Prince, Nicolaus von Gallitzin, in 1824, had ordered three quartets for stringed instruments for a stipulated price of 125 ducats; yet, after receiving the quartets, he never sent the money, although repeatedly reminded.

But Beethoven had to suffer a still deeper wound, in the latter portion of his life, through the extremely culpable behavior of his nephew, for whose education, as we have before said, he had shrunk from no sacrifice, often depriving himself to do for him whatever lay within his power. It was on the 2d of December, 1826, that Beethoven returned to Vienna with his ungrateful protégé in an open carriage, because his brother Johann, at whose country seat he had spent some time, would not let him use the covered one. The inclement season and the bad

weather had the most injurious consequences for Beethoven's health. He was taken with a lung fever, which soon passed into dropsy. In vain did he send for his old physicians, Braunhofer and Staudenheim. Only some days afterwards did Dr. Wavruich hear by accident of Beethoven's illness, and that he was in want of a physician. He went to him immediately. Nearly two months later was Beethoven's former physician and friend, Dr. Malfatti, moved to visit him, and join Dr. Wavruich in his treatment. Meanwhile the disease had made such rapid progress that Beethoven had at short intervals to undergo four operations.

In this melancholy condition he became anxious about the means of providing for the most necessary wants, since his entire stock of money only amounted to 100 florins, Convention coin. It occurred to him to turn to the Philharmonic Society in London, and ask their assistance. Accordingly he wrote to MOSCHELES in London, whose reply described the sad impression which his melancholy situation had produced. This letter was accompanied by the sum of £100, sent him by the Philharmonic Society. They begged him to accept this sum for the time being, and to apply to them farther should he be in need.

Beethoven viewed the approach of death with resignation. Whatever he left behind him he bequeathed to his nephew, little as he had deserved it. Upon his yet remaining original scores he wrote with his own hand, that he left them to one of his friends, who had especially assisted him in the last period of his life by word and deed. In the midst of various plans for newly projected works, among others an oratorio: "The Triumph of the Cross," he yielded, after many sufferings, to the final fate, surrounded by his brother Johann and a few of his most intimate friends. During a fearful thunder-storm, accompanied with hail, upon the 26th of March, 1827, a quarter before six o'clock in the evening, he rendered up his spirit.

An eye-witness informs us of his last days: "When I came to him on the morning of the 24th of March, I found his whole face disturbed, and himself so weak that he could scarcely with the greatest effort utter two or three words. Soon after came his physician, Dr. Wavruich. He looked at him a few moments, and then said to me: 'Beethoven is rapidly hastening towards dissolution!' Since we had concluded the business of his will, as well as could be, the day before, one longing wish alone remained to us—to make his peace with Heaven, and at the same time to show to the world that he had closed his life as a true Christian. Dr. Wavruich begged him in writing, in the name of all his friends, to receive the holy sacrament, to which he answered perfectly composed and calmly: 'I will.' The priest came about four o'clock, and the service was performed with the greatest edification. He now seemed to be convinced himself of his near end; for scarcely had the clergyman gone, when he said to me and the surrounding friends: '*Plaudite amici, comædia finita est!* Have I not always said that it would so come?' Towards evening he lost his consciousness and began to wander. This continued until the evening of the 25th, when visible symptoms of death showed themselves. Yet he did not die until a quarter before six in the evening of the 26th."

Beethoven's early friend, so often mentioned,

STEPHEN VON BREUNING, together with the music-director, A. SCHINDLER, took charge of the funeral. It took place on the 29th of March. An almost immeasurable multitude of men, of the most different conditions, followed the hearse in long procession from the house to the neighboring church, where the consecration of the corpse took place. Beethoven's earthly remains were then borne to the burial ground before the Währing line. There the actor ANSCHUETZ pronounced a funeral discourse composed by GRILLPARZER. A silver medal was stamped to Beethoven's memory, and soon his bust adorned the hall where the tones of his masterworks resounded.

Of Beethoven's outward appearance, one of his friends sketches a visible portrait in these words: "He was five feet four inches (Vienna measure) in height, of compact and sturdy frame, as well as powerful muscles. His head was uncommonly large, covered with long, snarly almost entirely gray hair, which not seldom hung in disorder about his head. His forehead was high and broad; his small brown eye in smiling drew back almost into his head. But suddenly it dilated to uncommon size, and either rolled and flashed about, the pupil almost always turned upwards, or it did not move at all, and looked fixedly before him, if any idea got possession of him. At such times his whole outward appearance underwent a sudden change, and wore a visibly inspired and imposing aspect, so that his little form seemed to lift itself upward like a giant."

In this insignificant bodily husk dwelt a beautiful soul. From the indications already given of Beethoven's character, it is plain that he was a thoroughly noble man, endowed with the most loving heart. All that appeared to him false, low, immoral, or unjust, he hated in his deepest soul. But on the other hand, worldly prudence and knowledge of men were wholly strange things to him. It has already been mentioned several times how easily he flew into a passion, and thereby did crying injustice to his best and truest friends, merely because he either saw things in a false light, or he had been excited and made mistrustful by ill-meaning persons. Fortunately, however, he soon recognized his own injustice, and was the first to hold out the hand of reconciliation.

Thus he wrote one day on sending his portrait to his friend Stephen von Breuning, with whom he had fallen out: "Behind this picture, my good, dear Stephen, be forever hidden what for a long time has passed between us. I know I have rent thy heart. My own pained feelings, which you must surely have remarked, had punished me enough for it. It was no wickedness on my part. Else I were no more worthy of thy friendship. Passion on thy part and on mine. But mistrust towards thee was awakened in me; men placed themselves between us, who were not worthy of thee and me. My portrait was already long ago intended for thee; you know that I had always intended it for some one. To whom could I so well give it with the warmest heart as to thee, faithful, good, noble Stephen? Forgive me if I have caused thee pain; I suffered not less myself. When for so long a time I saw thee no more about me, then I began to feel right vividly how dear thou art and ever wilt be to my heart. Now perhaps thou wilt fly back into my arms, as formerly."

The usual consequences of deafness—mistrust, ill humor and reserve—manifested themselves in a high degree in Beethoven. He hated all formality. Hence he only went unwillingly to the Archduke Rudolph's, his illustrious pupil, careful as that Prince was to exempt him from these formalities. So, too, he once abandoned beautiful lodgings at the villa of Baron von Pronay, for no other reason than because the Baron, when he met him, made him too profound bows. For similar reasons he often, as we have before said, changed his lodgings, so that he had to pay for two, three, and at one time even four dwelling-places at once. From this it is easily understood how he, although he had a decent income, never laid up anything, but rather, by the confession of his own letters, found himself not seldom in pecuniary embarrassment. Yet he never suffered real personal privations.

As a musician, there were united in Beethoven the most thorough musical knowledge with the happy talent for inventing charming melodies. In his earlier works, especially in his piano variations, Sonatas, Trios and Quartets, he followed essentially the direction, which Haydn, who moreover was his teacher, and Mozart had given to instrumental music. He sympathized with Haydn's humor and with Mozart's tender feeling. Even in many of his later works, in several symphonies and sonatas, above all in his wonderful B flat major Trio, that tendency predominated in him. But whereas Haydn turned afterwards especially to church music, and Mozart established his fame forever as a dramatic composer, Beethoven struck into an entirely opposite path. His withdrawal from the world and its appearances, from the pictures, forms and laws of the drama and the church, led him into the domain of instrumental music, and here again to the confidential, private, self-satisfying piano-forte. His piano compositions became the circle in which his musical creative power moved almost exclusively. By a more appropriate treatment, by a deeper entering into the character and capabilities of his favorite instrument, Beethoven soon left his great predecessors behind him. His tone-figures, his chords were richer and fuller; the melody came out clearer and more distinct, through the arrangement of the subordinate voices. Every connoisseur in the Art must have soon convinced himself how his genius buried itself in these tones and elevated this his chosen instrument to be his most peculiar organ.

With years and the steady ripening of his talent, Beethoven's musical ideas and outpourings of feeling became ever grander, mightier and more transporting. Deeper than formerly had a theme to be felt, to be able to enchain him long. His works rose gradually to a spiritual and plastic unity of feeling, which his great predecessors in similar compositions had not reached. His absorption in an idea, his revelling in a feeling, often led him to an insatiable pitch. He could not make an end, and always after every rich gush of feeling, he sent another deeper still. It was wonderful at the same time how the overflowing stream of his feeling never overstepped the prescribed lines of a form circumspectly chosen, but only expanded it in a legitimate way. He was always meditating upon new combinations, which to one not fully initiated in the art appeared often strange, or even bizarre.



Rich and deep as his piano compositions and Quartets, nay, grander and mightier, were Beethoven's orchestral works, in which his genius could move more boldly and freely. If anything remained unattainable to him, it was the innocent clearness, comparable to the blue heavens, of Haydn's instrumentation. It better corresponded with Beethoven's nature, as a gifted writer expressed it, to lead us into a clond or storm, or into the rosy atmosphere of an Indian night. He had grown so to live in the voices of his instrumental world, that he felt himself more related to them than to human beings, from intercourse with whom he was separated by his weakness of hearing. What intercourse with men did not afford him, these voices murmured and whispered to his soul; he infused his own feeling, his own consciousness into his instrument.

The greatness of his musical talent revealed itself already in his earliest works, in his first Mass, in the Oratorio: "Christ at the Mount of Olives;" then in his opera: "Leonora," afterwards remodelled under the title of "Fidelio," which may be called the most perfect dramatic creation since Mozart, and stands beside his masterworks. Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont," his overture to "Coriolanus," translated the works of the poets better for him than he could have done it in the form of vocal music. The depth and inwardness of his feeling expressed itself in the most various states of mind. Touchingly resounded the melting, never-ending farewell of a loving pair in his Sonata: *Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour*. In his C minor Symphony Beethoven knew how to represent in an inimitable manner, how a strong soul, after severe, painful conflict with gloomy doubts, inspired by looking up to heaven, lifts itself in strength and clearness to an unshakeable conviction. His *Sonata quasi una Fantasia* he wrote when he had been deceived in a tender passion, and had to tear himself violently away. Among Beethoven's numerous compositions his "Battle of Vittoria," of which so much has been said, and his "Pastoral Symphony," have maintained no insubordinate place. Attractive also were the images from a heroic life in his *Sinfonia Eroica*.

The greatest part of his works show always a uniform succession of ideas, now resting upon outward circumstances, and now upon determinate views of human life in general, or of his own life. Never, or at the most very rarely, in his works, did a thought once heard return again. Even his accompaniment was always new. Each one of his compositions had its own peculiar circle, in which it coincided with no other; in each a new, self-contained world revealed itself: each brought forth special, unmistakable views, scenes of life or images of nature. Such a variety were hardly possible without that genuine poetic tendency to individual shaping of his creations, which reigned in Beethoven's nature. But to this tendency he could resign himself more uninterruptedly than most composers.

Withdrawn from the actual world, he lived only in the realm of tones. Into the voiceless solitude his love-craving and with-love-overflowing heart accompanied him. Deep, unsatisfied yearning seemed to be the ground-tone, especially in many of his later works. As in his outward life he longed in vain for the bliss of domestic life, so in his Art he turned with longing love towards men. He gave the deepest expression to

these feelings in his masterly composition of the song of Schiller: "To Joy." Some striking remarks upon the character of his music in general are contained in a little pamphlet which appeared in Dresden in 1854, under the title: *Beethoven's Symphonien nach ihren idealen Gehalt*.\*

Eighteen years after Beethoven's death had passed, when his native city, Bonn, honored him by the erection of a colossal monument in bronze, for which the sculptor HAEHNEL, in Dresden, modelled the design. The monument is 25 feet in height, the statue itself being 10 feet and the pedestal 15 feet. Beethoven is represented in the inspired moment of artistic activity. While the upward look betrays the lightning of a creative thought, the right hand lifts itself, as if involuntarily, to write down the thought at once upon the note-book held in the left hand. In the whole bearing of the figure and in the energetic expression of the features you see at the first glance a man who wills to achieve something great, extraordinary, and who is conscious also of the power to do it. The four reliefs, which adorn the pedestal, are happily conceived. On the front side we have Imagination in flying robe, hastening away upon the back of a Sphinx. On the opposite side is Instrumental Music, or rather Symphony, as its representative, a floating female figure, surrounded by four Genii, which indicate the four parts of the Symphony; the first holds the sword, the second the serpent and the torch reversed, the third the thyrsus and the castanets, the fourth the triangle. On the two sides we see two sitting female figures, one of which, playing the organ, represents Church Music, the other, with two masks, Dramatic Music.

The unveiling of the monument took place amid many solemnities on the 12th of August, 1855. Two days before, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in D, and his last Symphony, with chorus, were performed, under the direction of kapellmeister SPOHR, in a splendid hall then newly built. On the 12th of August, at 9 o'clock in the morning, a numerous procession walked to the cathedral, where Prof. BREIDENSTEIN conducted the performance of Beethoven's Mass in C. After the Mass the procession moved to the public square, where an immeasurable multitude were already assembled, including many strangers from all parts of Germany. At twelve o'clock the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells announced the arrival of the King of Prussia, Frederic William IV., and several members of the royal family. The unveiling of the monument followed a festival discourse pronounced by Professor Breidenstein, and was succeeded by a chorus of men's voices with an accompaniment of wind instruments. The festivities were closed by a second grand concert in the Fest-hall, in which, under the alternate direction of SPOHR and LISZT, several of Beethoven's works were performed: his overture to "Coriolanus," a Concerto in E flat major, a Quartet-canon from "Fidelio," a string Quartet in E flat, a grand scene with chorus from the oratorio: "Christ at the Mount of Olives," his C minor Symphony, and finally the second Finale from "Fidelio."†

\* "Beethoven's Symphonies with reference to their ideal contents." For a translation of this clever essay see Vol. VII., page 73, et seq., of this Journal.

† For full description of this festival, borrowed from Chorley's "Modern German Music," see Vol. VI., pp. 1-18, of this Journal.

A letter of Beethoven's to MATTHISSON, whose poem, *Adelaide*, he composed, may be regarded as a relic. This letter, written in the earliest period of his life in Vienna, affords by its pervading tone of modesty an interesting contribution to the characteristics of Beethoven. "You have here," he writes (Vienna, Aug. 4, 1800), "a composition of mine, which has already been for some years published, and of which you perhaps, to my shame, as yet know nothing. I can perhaps excuse myself, and tell you why I dedicated a thing, which came so warm out of my heart, to you, and yet did not inform you of it, by stating that in the first place I did not know where you resided; and again on the ground of shyness, since I feared I had been too forward in dedicating to you anything, of which I knew not whether it had your approbation. Even now I send you the *Adelaide* with misgiving. You yourself know what a change a few years produce in an artist who is constantly progressing. The farther one has advanced in Art, the less do his earlier works satisfy him. My greatest wish is satisfied, if the musical composition of your heavenly *Adelaide* does not entirely displease you; and if you shall be moved thereby to produce soon another similar poem, and do not find my request presumptuous, that you will send it to me at once. I will then summon up all my powers, to come near to your beautiful poetry. Consider the dedication as a sign of my gratitude and high estimation for the blissful satisfaction which your poetry has always given me and will still give me."

### "Professors"

A foreigner looking through the directory of this, or any other American city, would be apt to conclude us to be a remarkably musical people, judging from the innumerable "Professors of Music" whose addresses are to be found inserted in the cumbrous volume. Indeed, even we have often been surprised at the shoals of persons claiming this distinctive title, while in fact, they have no right so to dub themselves, and while no reason exists for their being so termed by others. "Artist" and "Professor" are rapidly becoming meaningless words, after having been for long years employed as the honorable indicators of those accomplished and learned men who devoted their lives to the services of the Arts and Sciences. To deserve and possess the rank of Artist—for rank it then actually was—constituted at one time the ambition of lofty genius; to be an artist was to prove an affinity with Raphael, Michael Angelo, and all the great Art names of old; now we see "Artists in Hair" on half the signs of the Wig stores in town, and in the cant of the day, dancers, actresses, sign painters, bootmakers, &c., are all indiscriminately called "Artists." What results from this wholesale abuse? Simply this,—the men who really possess the right so to term themselves, drop the word and announce themselves as "historical painters," "landscape painters," or "portrait painters" as the case may chance to be.

The word "Professor" is similarly misapplied, and has lost its correct signification, although as yet it has not produced so marked a result upon the class of men to which the title should be strictly confined. The reason of this non-result may be that the true Professors cannot find, or have not heretofore sought to find a different word to employ, in order to express their calling; that they know of none to answer their purposes as correctly and perfectly as Painter does for Artist. We have professors of dancing, professors of boxing, of magic, and of almost everything that one can call to mind. There can be no question about the fact that a Professor means one who publicly teaches any science or branch of learning; but it appears to us to be equally unquestionable that

dancing, boxing, and fencing are but accomplishments at the best, and not sufficiently scientific or learned for the teachers to be dignified by the high sounding title so extensively employed by them. We have given the widest definition to the word, not the strict one which says a Professor is a man who is thoroughly conversant with the practice and theory of the science which he professes; this would shut out, and justly too, many whom we tacitly acknowledge to have a claim on the title.

It is in regard to the musical application of the word that we particularly wish to speak. No one can deny that Music is a science, aye, and an abstruse one also; therefore the propriety of having such a degree as Professor of Music is as undoubted as that of having a Professor of Mathematics, or of Chemistry. To return, therefore, to what we said at the very outset of this article, a foreigner might well conclude Americans to be a very musical people, on perceiving the great number of Professors pursuing their profession in our different cities. We, however, who live in the midst of these so styled Professors, know a great majority of them to be as unworthy of the designation as the magicians, fencing masters, and the rest.

A strange abuse has fallen on this unfortunate word, an abuse that a few years since, we believed was about to work its own destruction; it still exists, perhaps in fuller force than ever. "Professor" and "teacher" seem to have become inextricably entangled, and from the way in which the words are misused, one might imagine them to be synonymous. We grant that a Professor may be a teacher, yes, and the very best description of teacher, likewise, but we do not grant that a teacher is necessarily a Professor.

Nearly every teacher dubs himself either a Professor of Music at large, of the violin, the organ, singing, or of any other separate branch. As a general rule the less a man knows about the business the more he parades the "Professor," and we used to believe that the public would at length perceive the impositions perpetually practised upon them, so that the evil would work its own cure by carrying itself beyond even their endurance. We are mistaken; there are more "Professors" than ever, and the few who are really such, now sensibly style themselves Teachers of Harmony, Composition, Instrumental or Vocal Music, as they may chance to be.—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

#### St. George's Hall, Bradford, England.

[The following description of this Hall is taken chiefly from the printed document prefixed to the programmes of the late Musical Festival, described in another column.]

St. George's Hall stands in the centre of the town, three of its sides facing into separate streets, and covers an area of 1,600 square yards. Its outer walls and columns are of Yorkshire stone. The front or western elevation is 75 feet in height from the ground to the apex of the pediment, and is composed of a rusticated basement 27 feet high, surmounted with Corinthian columns and pilasters which support the entablature. The principal entrance is by three arched doorways, with folding doors on the basement of this façade. On each side are niches containing bronze candelabra. The centres of the arches over the doorways are enriched with masks executed by Yorkshire artists. The lower parts of the intercolumniations are occupied by windows 14 feet high, and the upper with circular shields in stone, bordered with wreaths of oak leaves. The south side elevation consists of a rusticated basement story, with deeply recessed windows, between which are elaborately carved festoons of fruit and flowers. Above this story are Corinthian columns and pilasters, supporting an unbroken entablature the whole length of the building. The intercolumniations are filled with eight arched windows 14 feet high. The entrance leads into a vestibule 46 by 25 feet, and 22 feet in height. From the centre of the floor springs the grand staircase branching off to the right and left, and terminating in the gallery on each side leading to the stalls and area. At

the foot of the staircase on either side are bronze candelabra 12 feet high, with 9 branches to each. The hall itself is 152 feet in length, 76 in breadth, and 60 feet high. It is divided into Area, Stalls, and Gallery. The first is 96 by 45 feet, and will accommodate 1000 persons with seats. The stalls are raised 12 feet above the area, and contain 528 seats. The front of the stalls is ornamented with foliated scroll work, executed in cartonnage; in the centre of each scroll are two emblematic figures in alto relievo. The gallery is carried round three sides of the building, and contains 1,800 seats. The Hall is thus calculated to hold an audience of 3,328 persons. The eastern or orchestral end is semicircular, with a diameter of 45 feet: on either side of the organ are Corinthian pillars springing from the orchestra, and supporting the entablature. A space of 6 feet from the cornice to the ceiling is coved and divided into panels, enriched with a deep border of vine and ivy leaves, fruit and flowers. Around the ceiling runs a border of the same character. The ceiling itself is divided into four compartments by an inner border of scroll work, with central ornaments of water leaves and flowers.

At the Festival of 1853, the building had only been just completed, and possession given on the Monday in the same week. The intended decorations and painting, therefore, could not be carried out, and the performances were given within comparatively bare walls. The paintings and decorations are now all completed, and the interior of the Hall, for elegance and appropriateness combined, is not surpassed by any music-room in Europe. The walls are painted a buff color, the panels pale blue, and the ribs and mouldings a rich cream. The centre flowers and the foliage fruit and flowers of the beams "between the several compartments of the ceiling, are picked out in crimson, and the ornamental mouldings and flats around the panels relieved with dead gold and tertiary colors. The pilasters around the orchestra have been filled with scroll-work, with pale blue ground, and the capitals and mouldings gilded. Between the pilasters projecting from the wall, are placed elegant groups of musical instruments, in the form of trophies, surmounted by globes, from which spring angelic figures of nearly life size bearing coronals of light.

The Hall is lighted by 16 arched windows 14 feet high. The method of lighting it in the evening is by a continuous line of 1,600 gas jets from pipes carried round three sides of the Hall on the upper surface of the cornice, while the orchestra is lighted from the corona's borne by the figures between the pilasters. This affords a subdued and splendid light to all parts of the room, without the disagreeable effect of strong lights and shadows occasioned by the ordinary mode of lighting with lamps and chandeliers. The ventilation is effected by circular apertures 7 inches in diameter, pierced through the exterior moulding of the outer border of the ceiling, continued entirely round the four sides of the latter, and giving a ventilating surface equal to a superficial area of 130 square feet. The heating is by the usual hot water apparatus; cold air can readily be let into the building without creating any scarcely perceptible draughts, and at the same time afford an ample supply of fresh air. The organ used at the Festival in 1853 was not calculated for so large a building as the Hall. This has been replaced by the present powerful instrument, just completed by Messrs. Hill and Sons, of London. The exterior of the organ has been made to harmonize with the building in its decorations and architectural character, and is rich in ornament, with a bold, varied, yet chaste outline, presenting altogether, one of the most appropriate designs for a Concert Room organ. The decorations reflect the highest credit upon the taste and skill of Messrs. Briggs and Mensforth, to whom the whole of the painting, &c., has been entrusted. The general arrangement for the comfort of the audience has been carefully attended to. Separate entries are provided for each class of visitors, and all possible precautions taken to avoid a crush on entering or leaving the Hall. On a level with the stalls are refreshment and cloak rooms; the former 45 by 25 feet, for the accommodation of

the occupants of that portion of the Hall; and a similar arrangement has been made for those of the area. It is believed, and competent authorities have expressed their opinion, that there are few, if any buildings, of the same character in which so large a number of people can be assembled, and where the comfort and accommodation of each class have been so much considered and so effectually provided for.

### Music Abroad.

#### England.

BRADFORD TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—This great festival commenced on Tuesday morning, Aug. 26, in St. George's Hall. The first festival was held three years ago, when that magnificent music hall was finished. A large and powerful organ has been added, containing 51 stops and 2783 pipes.

The principal sopranos engaged were Mme. Clara Novello, Mme. Weiss, Miss Milner, and Miss Sherrington, together with the new and brilliant star in the musical horizon, Mlle. Piccolomini, who appeared on the last two evenings. Among the contraltos we find Mme. Alboni, Mme. Viardot Garcia, and Miss Fanny Huddart. Mr. Sims Reeves led as tenor, assisted by Mr. Montem Smith and Herr Reichardt; whilst Herr Formes and Mr. Weiss, with Signor Belletti, Signor Beneventano, and Mr. Winn, took the bass portions during the whole of the performances. Mr. J. L. Brownsmith presided at the organ; Mr. W. Jackson was chorus master; Mr. Costa conductor. The band consisted of 101 performers, and the chorus, nearly exclusively Yorkshire, of about 250 voices.

The first morning was devoted to a splendid performance of the oratorio of *Elijah*. The evening concert consisted of three parts. The first opened with Mozart's G minor Symphony. For the rest we copy from the *Times*:

Miss Sherrington followed, with Halévy's air, "Bocages épaïs," from *Les Mousquetaires*, in which the beautiful freshness of her soprano voice, and her evident feeling (notwithstanding the shake at the end of the *andante*), made a strong impression. This young lady has means which deserve cultivation, but she would have done wiser to choose an air by Auber himself, rather than one which, with all its cleverness, is little better than Auber and water. No one that we know of can sing "In diesen heiligen Hallen" (from *Die Zauberflöte*), like Herr Formes, who never sang it more impressively than on the present occasion. This was succeeded by a display of vocalization in which the genuine art of song was exemplified to the *ne plus ultra* of perfection.—Rossini's "Una voce poco fa."—by Rossini's most accomplished disciple; it is scarcely necessary to name Alboni. The chorus, were encored in Pearsall's madrigal, "Oh who will o'er the downs so free." Though capably sung, this is by no means a striking madrigal, and could well have been spared the second time. All the altos in the Bradford festival chorus are men, we think a mistake. The female *contralti* are not only for the most part better in tune, but give a greater and more pleasing variety of *tone* to the vocal harmony; and this is particularly felt in part songs and madrigals. If Madame Clara Novello would introduce Weber's elaborate and lengthy *scena*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," less frequently it would be more welcome. It seems to be her pet festival song. Nevertheless, although she gives it with great energy, and splendid power in the upper notes of her voice, it is by no means the piece best suited to her talents. She was applauded with great warmth. The first part ended famously, with a magnificent performance of Rossini's brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, which roused the audience to enthusiasm.

Next came a new composition by a name well known here in Boston; about which the *Times* shall speak again:

The second part of the concert was wholly devoted to Mr. J. L. Hatton's new *cantata*, entitled *Robin Hood*, the performance of which was directed by the composer himself. The *libretto* of this piece, by Mr. George Linley, is in the usual manner of that fluent verse-maker. The personages are Maid Marion (Miss Milnor), Robin Hood (Mr. Sims Reeves), Little John (Mr. Winn, barytone-bass), and "the Bishop" (Mr. Weiss). The *cantata*, which is written with that facility for which Mr. Hatton is noted, although with less of marked character than the subject might have suggested, and than was expected from the author of the music of *Henry VIII.* and *The Winter's Tale* (Mr. Kean's versions), may be shortly described. It opens with a lively chorus of outlaws, who "no tribute pay" and "no monarch obey," according to the fashion of mediæval outlaws in ordinary. The "Bishop," in



a bass air, then threatens them for killing the King's deer, proclaiming his authority as "Custos Rotulorum." This air, while there are too many words to the notes, is at the same time a good specimen of mock bombast, and was delivered with appropriate grandiloquence by Mr. Weiss. The Bishop, however, reckons without his host. He is caught in a *quæstus* by the gallant Robin Hood, whose archers, clad in Lincoln green, surround the reverend father and his retainers. Robin then (doubtless at the instance of some wary and far-seeing publisher) addresses the Bishop in a sentimental ballad, inviting him and his companions to share the joys of his sylvan retreat, which are described after the most approved manner of drawing-room ballads, made "to sell." The first line of this ballad which sounds odd enough from the lips of Robin Hood, no carpet-knight, if chronicles tell truth, is after Shakespeare—"Under the greenwood tree." The rest—The music is tuneful and pretty, if not very new, and was sung by Mr. Sims Reeves with so much expression and tenderness that no one would have dreamed he was impersonating an outlaw; and so the song was redemanded. In a trio with chorus that follows, the fault of which is its length, the bold Robin Hood and his "merry, merry men" are supposed to strip the good Bishop, in spite of his tears and protestations, of all he has about him. They then force him to dance against his will and much to his discomfort, in a chorus, "Strike the harp," which is by no means the best piece of music in the *cantata*. A madrigal of "forest maidens"—whatever they may be (forest deers was suggested)—"In our forest dell," for female voices, completes the picture of sylvan felicity subsequent to the act of brigandage, and contains further allusions to the "greenwood tree," under which these gentlemen are accustomed to

"—wile away  
The sultry day."

This madrigal is extremely pleasing and ingeniously accompanied. It was well sung by the ladies, and encored. Now that the Bishop has been plundered of his wealth and furniture, Robin and Marion have time to think of other matters, and the *cantata* comes to a termination with some pastoral billing and cooing. In a fresh sentimental ballad, "Oh, love is like the ocean wild—now calm, &c." (not so good as its predecessors though aiming at the same mark), Maid Marion describes her heart as a "frail bark" upon the "waters of love," which, "when the angry storm descends," sinks "beneath the spray." A duet follows, in which the two declare their eternal affection for each other, and their perfect satisfaction with forest life, in glowing and passionate numbers. The music of this duet is well suited to the words. The *finale* is another lively chorus, in which Robin's followers express their disregard of "kings and courtiers" and their devotion to their stalwart chief. This, too, was encored, and at the end Mr. Hatton was honored by bursts of applause, both from the members of the chorus (who, however, had no perceptible right to applaud a performance in which they took so conspicuous a share) and the audience. His success could hardly have been more complete.

Viardot Garcia was the heroine of the third part, and was greatly admired in a trio by Cimarosa, which she sang with Mme. Novello and Mrs. Weiss; also in *Ah! non giunge*. There was the madrigal, "Down in the flow'ry vale," a song by Alboni, and the concert closed with Cherubini's *Anacreon* overture. The attendance was small, owing partly to bad weather, but more, it is said, to aristocratic prices.

*Second day.* The same causes prevented a full hall to hear a work about which all England has so much curiosity as Costa's oratorio of *Eli*. As a matter of interest to the members of our own Handel and Haydn Society, who are about dipping into this new work, we copy what the *Times* says of the performance:

The choruses could not have gone better than in Mendelssohn's oratorio, but the solos assuredly did. This was the more important, since it is in the beauty of many of the recitatives and airs that the chief merit of *Eli* consists. Very few can write more naturally or more skillfully for voices than Mr. Costa, whose method of scoring for the orchestra, moreover, is so clear and well calculated that his instruments always support and enrich the melodious phrases, never clogging, obscuring or overpowering them.

That the Bradford audience were highly pleased with *Eli* was evident from the manner in which the oratorio was received. The perfection of the execution, indeed, would have charmed a more exacting tribunal, and have aided a composition even less meritorious than that of Mr. Costa in passing muster triumphantly. Madame Viardot's conception of the music allotted to the boy-prophet, Samuel, is as pure and unobtrusive as her singing in the Morning and Prayers (two of the most beautiful of the vocal solos) is faultless. Madame Novello's lovely voice is heard to signal advantage in the two airs, "Turn unto me," and "I will extol thee," in which the barren and desolate, the fruitful and exulting Hannah are so well contrasted by the composer, and which, though

in such opposite styles, the popular English *soprano* renders with equal effect. Mr. Sims Reeves is as much at home in the smooth and tranquil melody given to the devout Elkanah, as in the fierce and boisterous defiance of the Philistine warrior Saph, embodied in music which, if not precisely the best, is among the most theatrically striking in the oratorio. Herr Formes is all that could be desired for the prophet Eli. The music is so precisely suited to his noble voice, his measured style of singing and declamation, that we may presume that Mr. Costa wrote it expressly for him. At the same time this, in a degree (apart from the view which the composer may have taken of his chief personage,) would help to explain the unvarying slowness and solemnity by which the airs and recitatives of Eli are distinguished, and which has laid them open to the general charge of monotony. To resume, we believe Mr. Costa might have searched Europe in vain for more admirable representatives of his four most prominent characters than Mesdames Novello and Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes, who on the present occasion, as was hinted yesterday, fairly surpassed themselves, singing their very best, at once charming the public and satisfying the composer. As the Man of God, too, a small but very significant part, Mr. Weiss was entitled to praise for his uniformly correct and careful singing; while Mr. Montem Smith did his best for the two concerted pieces which call the voice of the second tenor into requisition. A verdict of unqualified approval might with strict justice be passed upon the execution of the choruses; but some of these were sung to such a degree of perfection that we must instance them by name. First there was the thanksgiving: "Blessed be the Lord," where the fugue on the word "Amen" was given with wonderful precision; then the *chorale* of the people: "How mighty is Thy name;" then the "Hosanna" at the end of Part I. (with fugue No. 2, which, although the notes are not exactly the same, always conjures up the first bars of Handel's "Rejoice greatly,") just as vigorous, clear, and pointed as the first; then "Hold not Thy peace, and be not still, O God!" which includes the fugue in G minor, with florid accompaniments ("O God, make them like a wheel,") the ablest and most energetic movement of this kind in the whole work, sinning only through diffuseness; then the choral march: "God and King of Jacob's nation," (which, effective as it may be styled in conventional language, always appears *de trop*, the interest of the martial theme having been exhausted by the very long instrumental movement in another key when it is first presented); and last, not least, the concluding chorus, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," with the fugue on "Hallelujah," the most unlike a genuine fugue, by the way, of the four fugal pieces to be found in *Eli*. All these, as we have suggested, were splendid examples of choral singing.

*Third Day.* The anticipations about *The Messiah* have been partly but not entirely realized. The attendance this morning seemed much fuller than on the opening day, the greatest number of vacant seats being remarkable among the 15s. and 10s. places—a result which justifies what was said yesterday about the extreme ill judgment displayed by the committee in their tariff of admission prices. The 7s. places were very nearly filled, and those at 3s. 6d. crowded—two other facts worth noting. \* \* \* The performance of Handel's immortal masterpiece went even beyond anticipation. It was indeed first-rate. The choruses were executed in a manner that renders criticism superfluous, since there was nothing to criticize, but everything to praise. It is unnecessary even to specify any of them, since all the comparatively less important were just as well rendered as the three most unparalleled in popularity—viz., "For unto us a child is born," "Hallelujah," (during the performance of which the whole audience, as usual, were on their feet,) and "Worthy is the Lamb! Amen"—perhaps the grandest and most stupendous of them all, if any choice may be permitted among things of such uniform sublimity. The solo vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Viardot Garcia, Misses Sherrington and F. Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Formes, the two last named gentlemen sharing between them the music for the bass voice.

The novelty of the evening concert was Macfarren's Cantata, "May Day," which the English critics seem to admire more than Hatton's "Robin Hood." The programme also included Beethoven's C major Symphony (No. 1); overtures to *Oberon* and *Siege of Corinth*; two-part songs by the chorus, and vocal selections by Mesdames Alboni, Viardot, and Weiss, Mlle. Piccolomini, Miss Sherrington, Herr Reichardt, Signors Belletti and Beneventano. The Piccolomini became at once "the talk and toast of Bradford."

*Fourth Day.* The morning selections consisted of the 103d Psalm, by Mr. Jackson, chorus master at St. George's Hall; Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm; a portion of Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio, *Immanuel*; a MS. *Credo* by Mendelssohn, and pieces of sacred music sung by Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Sims Reeves and others. The last evening drew an audience of some 4,000 persons. Mendelssohn's Italian

Symphony, the overture to "Tell," a new choral part-song, by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, madrigals, operatic songs, &c., composed the programme.

The English papers are full of musical festivals. There has been the festival of the Three Choirs at Gloucester; the inauguration festival of a new music hall at Birmingham (where they had one splendid hall before); the inauguration of St. George's Hall in Liverpool, &c., &c., for some accounts of all which we hope to find room hereafter.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 27, 1856.

NEW VOLUME.—Our next number, Saturday, Oct. 4, commences a new half-yearly volume. The month of October too is properly the commencement of the academic year in music; it is the beginning of the musical "season." We shall be happy therefore to receive the names (and dollars) of as many new subscribers as desire a weekly paper, which shall keep them "posted up" in musical matters, and aid them to discern and to appreciate what is true and worthy amid so much that is pretentious and false. Give us a large subscription list this winter, and we will make your paper doubly worth it.

[We can furnish one *any one only* complete set of the Journal of Music bound; for which of course we must charge an extra price.—With the exception of two numbers only, (which occur in Vols. V. and VI.) we can furnish volumes bound or unbound of the Journal from the commencement. Also single numbers.

### A New Organ.

Our enterprising organ builders, Messrs. SIMMONS & FISHER, No. 1 Charles Street, have just completed a fine organ for the Citadel Square Church in Charleston, S. C. Companies of musical persons have been invited to their manufactory nearly every afternoon and evening of this week, to see the noble instrument and hear it discourse fugues, and voluntaries, and fantasias, and "arrangements," under the hands of quite a number of our most accomplished organists. On Monday and on Thursday evening there were regular programmes. That of Monday was as follows:

#### PART I.

1. Pastoral Symphony, (from the *Messiah*),...Handel
2. Treble Solo—"O quam suavis," arranged for Organ,.....Mendelssohn
3. Voluntary, in Cathedral style,....S. P. Tuckerman
4. Introduction and Fugue, from the Anthem, "I will praise thee, O Lord!,".....Dr. Croft  
S. P. Tuckerman, Music Doctor.
5. Fantasia, for two performers,.....Hesse  
Messrs. Bancroft and Wilcox.
6. Extempore Performance, ending with Fugue in E flat,.....Bach  
Mr. S. A. Bancroft.

#### PART II.

1. First Movement from the Concerto in F,....Rink
2. "Priests' March," from "Athalia,"...Mendelssohn  
Mr. J. B. Lang.
3. Extempore Performance,.....
4. "Songs without Words,".....Mendelssohn
5. Fugue—"Cum sancto spiritu," from the 12th Mass,.....Mozart

The first four pieces were played by Dr. TUCKERMAN; the last three by Mr. WILLCOX, who is associated with Messrs. Simmons & Fisher, and whose skill in combining and contrasting the various stops of an organ, in extempore performance, so as to exhibit all its qualities, is known to most of our readers. The music and the instrument gave general satisfaction. A few pieces to be sure, were not strictly organ music, in the highest sense; but it was understood of course that one leading object was to put the instrument through all its paces.

The organ is not a very large one, but it is remarkably effective and powerful for its size. It contains about thirty sounding stops, some of which are of rare beauty and individuality of character. The pedal bass is grand and satisfying; the diapasons uncommonly rich and musical and telling; the reeds, the flutes, &c., are all finely voiced. We were particularly struck with the warm, rich tone of the Claribella, with the faithful imitation of the clarinet, especially in the characteristic lower octave, and with the purity and delicacy of the Violin stop. The full organ seems finely balanced, and is very impressive in great choral passages. The Swell too, is very perfect. The external figure of the instrument is singular, being built with reference to its position in the church, the two ends running up in separate piles, so as to show the window of the nave between them, and only connected for a few feet from the floor below. The key-boards form a separate desk in front, so that the organist fronts the audience. The style is Norman Gothic. The metal pipes are displayed in tasteful order, and are *diapered*, as it is called, after the old English manner, that is, richly ornamented in blue, vermilion and gold, and contrast finely with the rich oak-colored frame. The arrangement of the works within so singular a form must have been a problem of no little difficulty to the skilful makers.

The selections on Thursday evening were excellent. Mr. WILLIAM R. BABCOCK opened with the first movement of a Fantasia by Bach, and a Fugue from Graun's *Tod Jesu*, in plain, full, solemn organ style, without change of stops, and showing to great advantage the solidity and power of the diapasons and foundation portions of the organ generally. Next came selections from the second Mass of Haydn, and from Beethoven's Mass in C, by Mr. A. WERNER, organist at the Catholic Church in Franklin street. These were played with much skill and expressive alternation of stops. The *Credo*, *Et incarnatus est*, and *Et vitam ventura* of Haydn, offered fine contrasts of sentiment and coloring, and were greatly enjoyed; but much more so the *Sanctus* and *Hosanna* from Beethoven, in which the deeper master was at once revealed. We only regretted that the selections from that Mass were not continued further. A Fugue by Bach in E minor, arranged for four hands, was then played by Mr. Werner and a young pupil of his.

Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN gave some good specimens of the sweet and flowing style, upon the softer stops, in a couple of movements from Palestrina's Motets, the introduction to Neukomm's "David," and the solo: *Return, O God of hosts*, from Handel's "Samson." He also played the Dead March from "Saul," introducing the *Tremulante* sub-bass with imposing effect, and a clear and spirited Introduction and Fugue by André. Mr. B. J. LANG played again, and in a very clean and spirited manner, the "Priest's March" of Mendelssohn (that second edition of the "Wedding March,") and the beautiful and florid movement from Rink's Concerto.

The Fantasia by Hesse was volunteered again by Messrs. BANCROFT and WILLCOX, to the great satisfaction of the company. Mr. WILLCOX played that beautiful and deeply pathetic *Agnus Dei* from Haydn's First Mass, with the concluding *Dona Nobis*; also Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, and the sublime concluding chorus: *Worthy is the Lamb*, from the "Messiah."

We think it was the general opinion of the many musicians and amateurs assembled on these pleasant occasions, that Messrs. Simmons & Fisher have produced an organ which may challenge comparison with any American organ of its size; while in certain important respects, as the sufficiency and beauty of its Diapasons, and the perfection of its Swell, it seems to surpass most that we have heard.

BEETHOVEN'S "BATTLE SYMPHONY."—In translating the biography of Beethoven, by Dr. Döring, which is completed in this present number, we could not but be surprised at the author's attaching so much consequence to a certain composition which Beethoven wrote for Maelzel, and which is spoken of sometimes as the "Battle of Vittoria," sometimes as "Wellington's Battle at Vittoria and Triumphal Symphony," and sometimes as if there were two distinct pieces, one called the Battle and the other the Triumphal Symphony. Apart from its accidental prominence, derived from the composer's quarrel with Maelzel, this biographer refers to it more frequently than to any other of Beethoven's works, and calls it a *masterwork*. He even singles it out in speaking of the symphonies, and couples it with the *Pastorale* in his praise. Yet it is very certain that among musicians this Battle Symphony is *not* esteemed as one of his important works. It is not counted among the immortal Nine Symphonies; and it is difficult for any one who ever heard it, (for instance as performed here once by the Musical Fund Society) to imagine for a moment that the great master was in earnest when he wrote it.

It is an *ad captandum*, trivial thing at best; an occasional piece, produced to order, and not in the way Beethoven usually wrote, inspired and seeking the ideal. So far as we can gather from the Life by Moscheles, the true explanation is this:—It was written for Maelzel, the "Conflagration of Moscow" man. Maelzel made, though unsuccessfully, an instrument to relieve the great composer's deafness, and requested in return a battle symphony for his Panharmonicon, which he might exhibit about Europe, himself dictating the drum and trumpet calls and all the principal effects. This Beethoven did, and afterwards expanded the same for a full orchestra, partly at Maelzel's suggestion, and partly by way of avenging himself upon the French soldiers who filled the theatre at Vienna on the night of the first production of his *Fidelio*, and whose poor appreciation damned that opera for the time. He luckily bethought himself of this Panharmonicon business, and resolved that he would write them something full of drums and cannon, music which they should understand, and yet not most flattering to their national pride. He turned it into the "Battle of Vittoria Symphony, in honor of Wellington's victory at Waterloo." It can hardly be considered more than a musical joke, therefore, although the master's strength and grandeur of conception cannot help betraying themselves here and there in the working up of the themes, especially in the finale with "God save the King."

It is quite possible that such a Symphony, for the very reason of its more trivial character and *ad captandum* title, was of more pecuniary worth to Beethoven than his far grander symphonies. At least Herr Maelzel, with shrewd eye to business, saw that; and the composer, smarting under

the sense of wrong from him, may naturally have had his imagination wrought up to an undue notion of the value of the work itself. In this way must we account for certain phrases in regard to it in one of his own letters.

ERRATUM.—It is the 134th Psalm of Marot and Beza's version, which has the music of "Old 100," not the 135th, as misprinted week before last in A. W. T.'s communication.

## Musical Chat-Chat.

Another concert season is approaching, and we begin to see signs of movement among our various societies. The Committee who managed the "Orchestral Concerts" last winter are already taking measures to secure a similar series of eight grand concerts, under the name of "THE BEETHOVEN CONCERT SOCIETY," of which more hereafter. Subscription lists will be opened in a few days, and the lovers of orchestral music must distinctly understand that the giving of the concerts will be made conditional upon the number of tickets subscribed for by a given day. . . . The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, under their new president, Mr. C. F. CHICKERING, and with Mr. ZERRAHN for conductor and Mr. MULLER for organist again, commenced their rehearsals last Sunday evening, with a first trial of Costa's oratorio of *Eli*, which has excited so much attention during the past year in England. Mehul's "Joseph and his Brethren," and one of Mendelssohn's two oratorios, as also his *Christus* fragment, some of his Psalms, Chorals of Bach, &c., are talked of among the other possibilities of the winter's programme. The president stated at the meeting that the negotiations with Mme. CLARA NOVELLO had failed, and that she will not probably come to America this season. . . . The MENDELSSOHN CHORAL and the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY also are stirring, and we understand that the bâton of the former has been offered to Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, the teacher and composer, and a gentleman, we doubt not, admirably fitted for the post. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will in a few days announce the programme of their winter campaign in the sphere of classical chamber music.

Mlle. PARODI has come round again, with her Concert troupe under the direction of M. STRAKOSCH. They announce three concerts next week in the Music Hall. Besides her own great attractions, she brings some superior artists. PAUL JULIEN, the young violinist, is always welcome. Then we are to hear for the first time Sig. TIBERINI the new tenor, about whom the Philadelphians are so enthusiastic, and Sig. BERNARDI, the baritone, who has made a fine impression in New York. . . . Negotiations are in progress, we are told, for Italian Opera (MAREZEK's troupe) at the Boston Theatre, commencing about the middle of October.

The New York Philharmonic Society have gone back to their old and popular conductor, Mr. THEODORE EISELDE. Their steadily increasing audiences the last winters, having overflowed Niblo's theatre, have forced them to engage for the coming season the Academy of Music, both for their concerts and rehearsals. The old C minor Symphony is to lead off. CARL BERGMANN, the conductor of last year, having his hands full of German Opera, Choral Societies, &c., steps gracefully back into the ranks as violoncello-player. In the same good spirit Mr. Eiselde last year yielded the bâton to him and played the first tenor. . . . Flotow's *Alessandro Stradella* has been performed at the German Opera this week, with good success, exhibiting the talents of the company to much more advantage than *Robert le Diable*. . . . At the Academy of Music the long promised



novelty of Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* was produced on Wednesday evening.

The well known German composer, Lindpaintner, died on the 21st August, at Nonnenhorn, on the Bodensee. Peter von Lindpaintner was born 1791 in Coblenz. His first opera "*Demophon*," was written in his 18th year. Besides his later operas, of which the *Vampyr*, *die Geneserin*, and *di Sicilianische Vesper*, are the most prominent, Lindpaintner wrote a great number of instrumental works. His was a productive and thoroughly-trained talent which never distinguished itself by great originality or strength. Lindpaintner was court-kapellmeister at Stuttgart. . . . Madame Clara Schumann has returned to Düsseldorf. Among the many gifts received by her in London is a handsome Erard grand-piano for concert use, presented by Madame Erard. . . . Richard Wagner, the composer, for the last six months has been in very feeble health, induced by hard work upon his new opera "*Die Nibelungen*." This is a triple opera, intended to occupy three evenings of performance. The first two parts are completed. To recruit a little and at the same time to complete the third part of this gigantic work, Wagner has left Zürich and betaken himself to the neighborhood of Genf. . . . The music-publisher André, of Offenbach, has just put forth a composition of Mozart which has never yet been published. It was composed in the year 1777, and its title is *Litania de venerabili Altaris*.

Mrs. DE WILHORST's Concert in New York is chronicled as a great success. The *Mirror* calls her "a pretty little pocket edition of a woman; with a voice remarkable for clearness, accuracy and compass; well trained and well managed; but lacking in that quality of sympathy so essential to the highest achievements of genius." The *Tribune* (W. H. Fry) says: "The lady sings like an artist, and one who has already mastered the chief difficulties of vocalism. Her voice is true as a die, and her execution clear, rapid, brilliant. One or two tours de force of pre-eminent merit could be pointed out. The quality of the voice is a high soprano; light, flexible, and capable of being well heard in a large room. She was much applauded, and it was not simply the applause of friends but of admirers. Her *aplomb* before such an audience was very uncommon for a debutante.

The editor of *Fitzgerald's City Item*, Philadelphia, has set apart several columns of his pleasant weekly for a *resumé* of musical events, musical criticisms, &c. We borrow from him in another column some seasonable reflections on our alarmingly large crop of "Professors." We also learn from him that musical matters promise to be lively in Philadelphia this winter. In the first place their grand new Opera House (Academy of Music) is approaching its completion, and will probably be opened before Christmas. Then their musical societies are all in the field. Their Handel and Haydn Society have purchased the old organ of their namesake society in Boston, and are rehearsing the "Messiah," which is to be brought out soon at National Hall, under the direction of Mr. KNAUFF; they also talk of Loewe's oratorio, "The Seven Sleepers." The Musical Fund Society have issued their subscription lists; they think of performing Mr. Darley's "Cities of the Plain" at one of their concerts. The Harmonia Society will commence with a miscellaneous concert, to be followed by "The Deluge," "The Cities of the Plain," &c. The Musical Union will bring out "Moses in Egypt" and oratorios. Sig. PERELLI resumes his classes for the last time in Philadelphia; it is said that he goes next year to Vienna, having received a commission to compose a work for the Opera there. The lovers of Symphony and Overture in Philadelphia are congratulated on a forth-coming series of concerts by a new orchestra, composed of some of the oldest members of the "Germania." The names of Schultze, Sentz, Stoll,

Albrecht, and others are mentioned. We trust this does not portend any withdrawal of musical force from Boston.

A Londoner, who was present at the Coronation ceremonies in Moscow, writes thus of the Grand Opera there:

I have just returned from the Grand Opera, which was opened for the first time this evening with Bosio, Lablache, Calzolari, and other London favorites. The appearance of this magnificent theatre, when lighted up and filled with a brilliant audience, fully realized the expectations expressed in a former letter. It has five rows of boxes, with twenty-eight seats in each row, and to each loge there is a retiring room as large as many a London drawing-room. The pit is all divided into comfortable stalls, and in no case are more tickets issued than the house will conveniently accommodate, a hint that might be taken with great advantage by the managers of our London houses. What with the elaborate gold scroll, raised on a groundwork of delicate green, the richly-carved pillars and pilasters, the scarlet velvet lining of the boxes, and the exquisitely painted drop scene, the interior of the imperial theatre presented a *coup d'œil* such as one could hardly have expected at a distance of 2000 miles from London. But when I add that the audience were mainly composed of officers in gorgeous uniforms, and ladies in grand toilette, you can easily imagine how surpassing must have been the general effect. It only wanted the presence of the Emperor and Empress, whose box is a little palace in itself, to make the picture complete. The embassies of the great powers were well represented, the French filling one box on the grand tier, and the English another. The opera was "Puritani," in which Bosio's singing so delighted the Russians that she was called several times before the curtain, although, I must add, that her acting did not satisfy me as to her fitness for the part of Bellini's heroine. Lablache looked stupendous, and rivaled the Greek priests in the depth of his intonation, and the rest of the performers acquitted themselves respectably. There were no encores—an admirable practice; and when the opera was over the audience could go home without suffering the purgatory of an interminable ballet. The performance of the orchestra of 150 performers was worthy of all praise.

The papers have the following romantic story about the new tenor, TIBERINI:—

"Young Tiberini is said to be a Roman of pure noble birth and blood, and closely and intimately connected with a princely family, who trace their ancestry up to the days of the despot Tiberius, whose name is included in the list of those of the family who wore the imperial purple, or swayed the destinies of the mighty empire from the popular and elective tribune. Although no crowns are at their disposal now, the pride of a long line of rulers still clings to the heads of the T. family. Tiberini, the tenor, possessed of a beautiful voice, great musical enthusiasm, and fine personal appearance, and chafing under the disqualifications and restrictions which condemn to the church or the army all the cadets of noble families in the Old World, determined to carve out for himself a fame and fortune and add another honor to a name that history has recorded in her storied pages. To carry out the determination, and after secret but ardent study, he appeared under an assumed name in a distant city. His secret was, however, discovered, and the alternative was presented to him either to retire for ever from the profession of a singer, or be disowned and abandoned by all who bear his name. His choice was made at once; he would follow the art to which his aspirations led him, even at the sacrifice of name and prospective fortune. The bitterest trial that fell to his lot was the compulsory separation from his affianced one, who of birth equal to his own, and returning his love with equal ardor, was forced by her friends to retire to a convent to avoid collision with a mere singer. Every difficulty was thrown in the way of his success in Italy; every obstacle that could be raised through the agency of wealth or family connection rose up against him, and despairing alike of his art and his love, he fled hoping to find in another land a fair chance for the display of such talent as he might possess, and to meet in the approbation and sympathy of strangers a balm for that grief which words may indicate but cannot express."

The Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* gives for a leading article a glowing biography of ALFRED JAELL. We hear of the young pianist during the last month as concertizing at the German watering places—Hamburg, Ems, Wildbad, &c.—and in Aus-

tria, at Ischl and Gastein. The Tyrol and Italy are in his eye for the next months; and then Vienna, and Hannover, where he is pianist to the king.

Madame ANNA BISHOP appeared at the Theatre Royal in Melbourne, on the 9th of June, where she has produced a series of Italian operas. . . . THALBERG, the Pianist, at the last accounts, was about to leave Paris, for this country. His piano has preceded him.

At the Swiss music festival this year, among other works, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and a Beethoven symphony were given by 700 performers. 3000 people, musicians and guests, partook of a princely banquet at the superb villa Bartholony. The banker Bartholony also laid the foundation of a new Conservatory of Music, with great accompanying pomp, on the 14th of July.

Mozart's Requiem has just been performed in St. Petersburg for the first time, under the direction of Schubert.

1500 singers took part in the late great festival at Brunswick. It was the 25th year of the gathering.

A gigantic organ is just being built by Merklin, Schültze & Co., Brussels, for the Cathedral in Murcia, Spain. It is to have 64 stops, four manuals, and two octaves of pedals. A great improvement has been secured in the touch, which resembles that of an Erard piano.

Meyerbeer is just now at Spa; Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and Rossini at Kissingen.

## Advertisements.

### Strakosch Grand Concert Company.

#### MLLE. THERESA PARODI

Begs leave to announce that she will give in this city,

#### THREE GRAND CONCERTS,

The first on TUESDAY, Sept. 30, the second on THURSDAY, Oct. 2, and the third and last on SATURDAY, Oct. 4, at the

#### BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

on which occasion she will be assisted by Sig. TIBERINI, Sig. BERNARDI, and PAUL JULLIEN, under the direction of M. STRAKOSCH.

Concert commences at 8. For particulars see small bills.

#### REMOVAL.

THE Subscribers respectfully beg to inform their friends and the Musical public, that they have removed from 19 South Ninth Street, to their new and elegant Store,

#### 306 CHESTNUT STREET,

Three doors West of Eleventh, where they intend keeping, besides their complete stock of EUROPEAN MUSIC, a large assortment of AMERICAN Publications, PIANOS, VIOLINS, and Musical Merchandise in general.

They respectfully solicit the further support of Dealers, Professors, Seminaries, Leaders of Bands, and other persons connected with music, to whom they can offer the advantage of selecting from a stock comprising the Publications of the leading Music Publishers of Europe and the United States.

A Catalogue of our own Publications may be had on application; also Part I. of our complete Foreign Catalogue of Orchestra Music. The other parts will be ready in a short time.

#### G. ANDRÉ & CO.

306 CHESTNUT STREET.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 1, 1856.

#### ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,

Teacher of the Piano and Singing,  
U. S. HOTEL.

#### PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.

MR. NATHAN B. CLAPP, from the "Conservatorium der Musik," Leipzig, having returned to his native city, is now prepared to receive pupils for instruction in the Art of Piano-playing. Applications may be made at his residence, 24 Hudson St., or at Richardson's Musical Exchange.

JOBB PRINTING neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

#### THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

THIS beautiful Art novel, by Mme. GEORGE SAND, just completed in the Journal of Music, for which it was expressly translated, has been reprinted in a neat pamphlet, and may be had at this office, and at the periodical and bookstores. Price 15 cents. Copies sent by mail post-paid, for 18 cents. Orders may also be addressed to

A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St.





